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be a loss to somebody, although we hope it may be otherwise. Providence is a great place for musical people to stay away from, although we must do those present the justice to say, that they enjoyed the concerts with a keen appreciation, which they expressed warmly and enthusiastically.

The result to New England is important. After the first concert, a proposition was telegraphed to the various Singing Societies of New England, to form a general Saengerbund, for the purpose of giving united Saengerfests in the various cities of the several States every other year. The proposition will, no doubt, be accepted, and thus another great musical institution will be added to those already existing in America. We cordially wish them brotherly unanimity and success.

OPERATIC WOES.

Every season of Italian Opera in London, at Gye's house, is marked by an *emeute* between Gye and some of his multifarious *prime donne*, who imagine just cause of war from his conduct toward them in respect to assignment of prominent roles and those choice ones that are favorites with a London public. If he finds himself embarrassed with *prime donne* who do not draw, they are "shelved," and usually bounce away, though paid as usual.

The latest case of that unpleasant kind, occurred with Mlle. Orgeni, who claimed high rank, and, in Chorley's opinion, really deserved all the rank she claimed at Gye's opera. She made a brilliant *debut* there, was enthusiastically praised by such exigent critics as Chorley, and for a brief period floated gaily upon popular favor. But Vilda came, and was preferred by Gye to Orgeni, in employment, and Orgeni, after being shelved for a time, longer than she found pleasant to her artistic pride, suddenly quitted Gye's opera and returned to Berlin.

Chorley, upon that movement, composed a fierce denunciation of Gye's policy in such matters.

Mrs. MARY GLADSTONE.—This charming actress has returned from an extended tour in England, and will resume her starring tour immediately, commencing probably in Montreal. Mrs. Gladstone, beside being an elegant and beautiful woman, is an actress of rare and varied ability. She cannot, it is true, be classed as an out-and-out sensational actress, but she arrives at the same end of delighting and entrancing her audiences, by the purity of her style, the dignity of her bearing, and the impassioned earnestness of her manner. We hope that she will be able to play an engagement in New York next winter. Mr. F. Widows, who is very able and popular, will be her business agent.

SO MY LADY RIDES IN HER CARRIAGE.

A LIFE INCIDENT.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

1.

So! my lady rides in her carriage,
And flaunts it laughingly by;
There's a sneer on her bow-like exquisite lip,
And a scorn in her steel-blue eye.
The wavy flow of her auburn hair,
Like snakes on Medusa's head,
Is the tangled mesh of the Syren's snare,
To strangle the captive dead.

2.

As my lady rides in her carriage,
In her silks, and her laces, and gold,
You would hardly think, as she passes me by,
That our love was but two years old!
That two years ago, she lay in my arms,
And nestled her face in my breast,
As though in this varied and beautiful world
There was no other place of rest.

3.

As my lady rides in her carriage
In her silks, and laces, and gold,
While I plod along, on the crowded walk,
In clothes so shabby and old:
You would hardly think that my lady
Was my pledged and willing bride,
And that she was as poor as the poorest girl,
That now tramps along by my side.

4.

Yet all this is true: and I wonder
At the gulf between us now,
For I thought the snow on the mountain's top,
Was not more pure than her brow
And her heart—But I woke from the dream,
To a blank of passionate strife,
That wrecked ambition—broke my heart,
And blotted out hope from my life!

5.

The story is not very new—
We both were young and poor,
There was hardly enough in our scanty purse
To keep the wolf from the door:
But she was supremely beautiful,
And I had undaunted will,
And I fought my battle against the world,
With faith in conquering still.

6.

And I carved my upward way,
Till my name stood well before men,
And I wrote the words, that the world believed,
For my heart was in my pen.
For I worked for her alone.—
And I stood one day by her side—
Placing a purse of gold in her hand,
I asked her for my bride!

7.

I have said that she was fair—
Oh God! that is not all—
She was fair as Eve, the mother of men,
When the Devil wrought her fall.
She proved false as the shifting sand,
False as the treacherous sea,
And throwing the hard-earned gold at my feet,
She laugh'd outright at me.

8.

I had toiled by night and by day,
I had wearied both heart and brain,
To win that wealth, to make a home,
For my loved Madelaine.
And there it lay on the floor!
Useless to her or to me,
For the bitter words came from her mouth—
"It cannot—cannot be!"

9.

"I was young when first we met,
I knew nothing of the world,
I thought that to love was all in all."—
And here her proud lips curled!—
"But I've learned the lesson of life,
I've tasted the curse of the poor,
And I value the countless blessings which spring
From that shining dross on the floor!"

10.

"My beauty must match with gold—
Not doled out for work of the brain;
There's not a mine in the golden land
But my boundless pride could drain!
I would rather be Satan's bride—
With untold wealth to spend,
Than be the wife of a toiling man—
So—let this folly end!"

11.

I know not how I left,
For my heart forgot to beat.
I think I neither looked nor spoke,
But groped my way to the street—
And found my cheerless home—
And laid me down on my bed,
From which I rose up a living man—
With every passion dead!

12.

I've striven to rise once more,
But all in vain I've tried,
With the cause which urged me so to work,
My energies have died:
My life was bound by that one thought
I lived for it alone!
The idol is defiled—the hope
For which I worked—is gone!

13.

Still, my lady rides in her carriage,
And I foot it along by her side:
I, a hopeless, purposeless man—
And my lady—no man's bride!
As I see her, my old love awakens,
And I say, with a heartfelt prayer,
"May the merciful God, who is good to us all
Blot out her record here!"

BOOK NOTICES.

POEMS, by the author of "John Halifax Gentleman." Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

This little blue and gold volume contains all of Miss Muloch's poetical work, up to the date of this publication. The poems written since 1860 will be found at the end of the work. They are neither large nor important, but they contain some beautiful thoughts felicitously expressed.

Miss Muloch is not a great poet; her muse is not attuned to the epic pitch; she is but the interpreter of woman's heart in its moments of joy or grief, of passionate love or tender remem-